

206 West 34th Street
Minneapolis, Minn. 55408
July 1, 1968

Mr. Harold Weissberg
Route 8
Frederick, Maryland

Dear Mr. Weissberg:

Impressed by what you had to say in interviews on the local "talk" station, WLOL, I have been alert to anything dealing with the death of John F. Kennedy.

A few passages in a book loaned me recently may interest you merely because of the copyright and publication dates. The book itself has no documentation in text, in footnotes, or bibliography. Because the paperback has but 144 pages, it seems presumptuous for the title on the jacket to include "A Complete Biography, 1917-1963."

Carr, William H. A. JFK A Complete Biography, 1917-1963. Lancer Books. N.Y. 1964.

Carr holds two copyrights: 1962 and 1963, no others indicated.

The address of Lancer Books is 26 West 47th St., New York City 36.

For your convenience, I have typed the passages on a separate sheet, which I enclose.

Yours very truly,



F. S. Appel

Carr, William H. A. JFK A Complete Biography, 1917-1963.
Lancer Books. N.Y. 1964.

Excerpts from pages 142-143:

As the Presidential limousine slowed to make a left turn on to Commerce Street at the triple underpass, a well-known Dallas landmark, the Governor's wife, Nellie Connally, turned and said laughingly to the President, "You can't say that Dallas isn't friendly to you today."

Just then there was the crack of a rifle shot.

Jack Kennedy, who had opened his mouth to answer Mrs. Connally, said, "Oh!", and raised his right hand to his throat, where a bullet, traveling an almost vertical course, had smashed through the skin just above his necktie, tearing its way down through his chest.

Jackie, puzzled by her husband's guttural sound but unaware that he had been shot, leaned over to him, her face reflecting her concern. Governor Connally turned around to see what was wrong.

At that instant, another shot split the air. This bullet struck struck Connally in the back, ripped through his chest, emerged to break his wrist, and finally lodged in his thigh.

Utterly bewildered by the sounds, the driver had slowed his car again now, after making the turn. Then the third and last shot rang out. This slug hit the back of the President's head. In the words of Patrolman James M. Chaney, who was on a motorcycle six feet away, "his head exploded in blood."